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1900!

Hawaiian Scenic Calendar 1900!

This popular Calendar for 1900 will be by far the finest piece of work ever gotten up for this trade. It now enjoys a larger circulation than all other similar calendars combined. The publisher found it necessary to get out a THIRD edition this last year in order to fill the large and increasing demand. (THE FIRST EDITION WAS 2,000.) This 1900 Calendar will be the "Ne Plus Ultra" Calendar of the year! Don't buy any but the best, and the friends to whom it is sent will bless you always and for aye! The following is an extract from a letter just received from the finest Art and Color Printers in Chicago, who have the printing of the "Hawaiian Scenic Calendar" for 1900:

"We will be able to furnish you with a piece of work as attractive and artistic as anything that has ever reached the Islands. We therefore appreciate the confidence you have placed in us, and we shall see to it that none of the details are slighted," etc.

The cover this year will be a copy of Hitchcock's painting of the Volcano in eruption last July, in oil colors, and the Calendar will give the temperature of Honolulu for every day in the year, with the rainfall for the past fifteen years. A new departure will be FOUR of the best pieces of Hawaiian music in the back of the Calendar, including the National Anthem. The Calendar will be put up in an extra heavy mailing envelope, and will be ready for delivery in time to reach the States and Europe before the New Year. The price will be 50 cents!

J. M. WEBB,
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316 Fort Street.

OOM PAUL AT HOME

Private Life of the Head of the
Boer Republic.

A MAN OF GREAT SHREWNESS

No Love for the English, but Plenty
for Americans Personal
Experiences.

[Washington Star.]

The writer has been much with Oom Paul Krueger. What is here written is gathered wholly from personal experiences, or what the President of the Transvaal has told me.

"First pray to God for guidance and inspiration, then fight." This is his motto.

Imagine yourself standing in the presence of a man about six feet three inches in height, somewhat stoop-shouldered and built like a giant; his hair white with years; his features homely and coarse, wearing an ill-fitting black double-breasted Prince Albert coat reaching below the knees; such a man is Oom Paul. Void of book learning, apparently not talented above the average man, armed only with his natural craftiness, he has been a thorn in the side of the greatest diplomatists and statesmen in England for twenty years.

He was born on October 10, 1825, near the present town of Graaff Reinet, Cape Colony. His parents were South African farmers, who had left their home in Europe a few years before Paul was born, hoping for good fortune in the new country. But it did not come. They remained mere squatters, and at the time Paul was born his parents owned only two or three slaves, which meant little. The future President of the Transvaal was christened S. J. Paul Krueger, but at an early age the first two initials were dropped. He uses them now when signing State papers.

A FINE RIFLEMAN.

Paul was taught at an early age to pray and handle a gun. At 7 years of age he was the best shot in that section. He was a fearless boy. When he was 9 years old his parents resented British regulations and moved to the northeastern part of Natal colony, not far from Ladysmith, the first important strategic point in this war.

There were two children in the family, a girl and a boy, both younger than Paul. The brother was killed in a native fight in the Natal colony and the sister lived to see her brother made President of the Transvaal.

When Krueger was about 17 years of age his father, sister and he went with the bullock team some distance into the Orange Free State. The senior Krueger was forced to remain and to look after the team. Paul and his sister went to take the team home and to look after his sister.

"I'll take care of her, father," was the reply.

Everything went well until Paul and his sister were about five miles from home. Then a panther appeared in the road. The sixteen bullocks in the team took fright and ran away. The jolting of the crude wagon threw the sister from the seat into the roadway, where she was completely at the mercy of the panther. Paul at once realized her danger, and though he was unarmed ran to her rescue. The panther by this time stood with gleaming eyes over the girl. Paul tackled the panther in a hand-to-hand battle. It was a fierce struggle, and as Krueger himself told me, he believed once or twice that the panther was going to prove too much for him. But finally he got hold of the animal's throat and literally choked the creature to death. With the grit of a bulldog Krueger held his grasp on the panther's throat and only released it when the animal gave up its struggles in death.

FIRST MEETING WITH KRUEGER.

It was in the latter part of 1879 that I first had the pleasure of meeting Paul Krueger. He was then a man over 50 years of age, but as strong, erect and robust as the average man of 35. He seemed to possess the strength of a giant. The Boers at that time were on the verge of a war with the British. When I was introduced to Krueger he was suspicious of me, and it was only when assured that I was an American that he became at all talkative. In those days Krueger would talk English, but since the visit of Sir Henry Lock to Pretoria in 1893 the Transvaal President has positively refused to utter one word of English. The Krueger of 1879 was a poor man; he had difficulty in supplying his family with the necessities of life, for besides his wife he had ten children to care for. He lived then in a humble farm house, but he left the farm to care for himself, for he had a more important matter to attend to—the creation of a revolution against the English. General P. J. Joubert, the new commander of the Boer forces and Vice President of the Transvaal, young Pretorius, son of the country's first President, and Krueger were planning for the Boer uprising, which came the following year, resulting in the independence of the Boers in 1881. It was these three that managed the campaign against the English forces under General Colley at Majuba Hill.

The next time that I met Krueger was in 1894. Although he was now the President of the nation, and reputed to be worth \$5,000,000, I found him as simple and as democratic as he was in the days of 1879, when he was unknown to fame and had hard work to support his family. It was on this occasion that I

realized the great qualities of this man. He cordially invited me to become his guest during the short time that I was to remain in Pretoria, an invitation which I readily accepted. He would not talk English to me on this occasion, so I had to carry on my conversation with him through other members of the family.

HE LOVES AMERICANS.

The old President never tired of talking about the United States, designating this republic as his big brother, and wishing that he were in a position to make a treaty with America in order that he might favor our merchants in trade.

"I can trust Americans," he would say, "for I know that they do not want my country."

Before I left his residence he said to me through his secretary: "When you go home to the United States tell the people there for me that there is a small nation here, loving their country and their liberty, and idolizing the American flag and the free institutions of your country. May the United States ever prosper and remain true to the principles established by her founders is my earnest wish." As he finished talking a tear was seen running down the old man's cheek.

He often talked of the days when he drove his father's old bullock team, and now prides himself on the fact that he is still able to crack a 30-foot whip over sixteen bullocks.

It would be impossible to find a man who is a better judge of human nature than Krueger. His likes and dislikes are spontaneous with him and it generally turns out that his first impression is a correct one. He was surprised when I was a stranger to a degree that was embarrassing, as he does all Britishers. If there is anything about a person which meets with the old President's disapproval his secretary is told to close the interview.

HIS HOME LIFE.

The home life of Krueger is the most charming imaginable. What is here written of it is from my own experience. Krueger is devoted to his wife, children, grand and great-grandchildren; while they in turn adore him. He lives in a modest house, which sits back from the sidewalk about fifteen feet. There is a grass plot in front and a sentry box inside of the iron railing. This house was presented to him by a syndicate. When the Volksraad in session a soldier is stationed in front of the president's house, and no one, excepting officials, is permitted to enter the residence during the day, unless the secretary authorizes the sentry to pass some special person. After 7 o'clock in the evening, however, all are welcome to the chief executive's home.

Every morning at 6 o'clock a negro servant takes a cup of black coffee and a big pipe filled with tobacco to the president's room. As soon as he has drunk the coffee Krueger rises and smokes the pipe while he is dressing. He is down stairs by 6:30 o'clock, and is ready to lead the family prayers at 7 o'clock. Breakfast is served about 7:30 a. m. His morning hours are taken up with matters of state and the dictating of letters. The dinner hour is 1 o'clock. At all meals Krueger says grace before he begins to eat. He takes a short nap after the noon meal, and is ready promptly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to receive callers. The supper is served at 6 o'clock, and the conclusion of this repast ends all the worries of the day for Krueger. Many writers have told how hot cups of thick black coffee are served at frequent intervals. Every person received is served with coffee. Besides his salary of \$40,000 a year, Krueger is also allowed \$10,000 annually for coffee money. There is a two-gallon kettle of coffee always hot in the kitchen. Mrs. Krueger informs me that she has known the servants to serve over thirty gallons of coffee in one day. Krueger drinks large quantities of it. Most of his day is spent in the front parlor. He always has a big cuspidor at his feet and a pouch of Transvaal tobacco and a pipe by his side.

HIS COUNTRY SAVED BY GOLD.

Since Oom Paul was elected president in 1881 he has been confronted with some trying times. In 1883 his country was in a bankrupt condition. There was but one English bank in the treasury and the salary of all officers, from the president down, was one year in arrears. At this time Krueger found it extremely hard to get along. There was no credit to be had for the country, and Krueger did not know what to do. It looked as if a famine was going to overtake the land, but at the most crucial period gold was found in the Barberton district. A messenger from gold fields took a sack of gold, containing twenty ounces, to the president, presenting it to him as the first yield of gold from the Transvaal. Krueger was astounded when he saw the gold. It is said by those present that his eyes doubled in size. He asked where it came from and was informed that it was from the Barberton district.

"Is there any more left?" asked Krueger.

He was told that the country was rich in gold ore and that millions of pounds could be secured where that came from.

"Thank God! My country is saved," was his reply.

Krueger often expressed his regrets that he was not able to receive an early education. His only book for years was a Bible.

On the occasion of laying the last bolt in the Pretoria-Delagoa Bay railroad, November, 1894, the president went out in his private train to perform the act. At Bronkhor Spruit a delegation of Boers met the presidential party. Krueger had to speak. Out from the railroad station, about a mile distant, could be seen the three grouped graves of the rear guard of a British regiment, which had been annihilated by the Boers. The present trouble was beginning to make itself manifest; at least Krueger was far sighted enough to realize that the storm would burst before very long. Looking significantly towards the graves of the British soldiers, Krueger said to the two hundred old Boers that had gathered round him:

"This is our country. Never give it up. Remember that we fought for it and made it what it is. I will fight it. Never! Never permit a foreign foe to take the Transvaal from you so long as I shall live."

JOHN E. OWENS.

WILD DUCK AS A MOTHER.

Queer Places Selected for Nests, Which Are Watched Jealously.

The wild duck is apt to be rather quaint as a mother. She often seems to have the most singular idea about sites appropriate for the nursery.

It is practically an essential for the wellbeing of her babies that the nursery should be close by the water's side, for the little ones like to take to the water as soon as hatched. They have small use for the land except to rest on, and they are rather restless. The water is their element, and yet the old mother duck will sometimes choose for her nesting place a spot remote by more than a hundred yards from any water, sometimes she will even choose the humble, but yet considerable, height of a pollard willow; and how she conveys her young brood from these situations to the water is one of those problems of natural history which, like the cuckoo's way of conveying her egg into a wren's nest, will probably go on vexing till the end of time.

There are theories in plenty, but no certainty. And often she will make her nest or lay her eggs (for her notions of nest architecture are primitive) in a spot that seems specially selected for its absence of cover. And yet no one can say that she is not an affectionate, even an overanxious, mother. When you come near her nest and startle her off it, she does not go away, as a wise woman would, stealthily, secretly, so as not to reveal to you its existence, but with a flutter and a commotion and often with an affection of a broken wing (as if to lead you off in pursuit of her, rather than leave you looking for her eggs), that tells you as plainly as if she had quacked it out, "I have a nest there; please do not go looking for it; but come and catch me; I have a broken wing." "She has a charming idea of human simplicity."

She has only too many reasons for her overanxiety. It is quite pitiful. She is a pitiful object herself, as she goes about in her lams and in incompetent fashion. But the real danger that menace her young family are many and terrible.

On shore, as soon as hatched, or even while still in the shell, they are the most attractive prey of rats, both gray rats and water voles, and no sooner do they take to the water than a hungry pike is looking out to gobble them up or a heron, ostensibly bent on fishing, is not at all above skewering one of them on his bayonet beak, if it should come his way. So all these adequate causes for most poignant anxiety more than excuse Mother Duck for her fussiness even if they be no excuse for her habit of pitching her nursery tent in sites that really are not very eligible.

But this mother has chosen a fairly secluded spot. For the most part she will be found sitting closely, if she be approached with caution, or else will move just a foot or so from her nest, and remain watching jealously, lest her eggs take any harm. And close beside her in the same covert is Mother Pheasant on her nest, less suspicious and more trustful, for she, something of a domesticated person, having been brought up under a barnyard hen, and learning the ways of civilization, is not at all above skewering one of them on his bayonet beak, if it should come his way. So all these adequate causes for most poignant anxiety more than excuse Mother Duck for her fussiness even if they be no excuse for her habit of pitching her nursery tent in sites that really are not very eligible.

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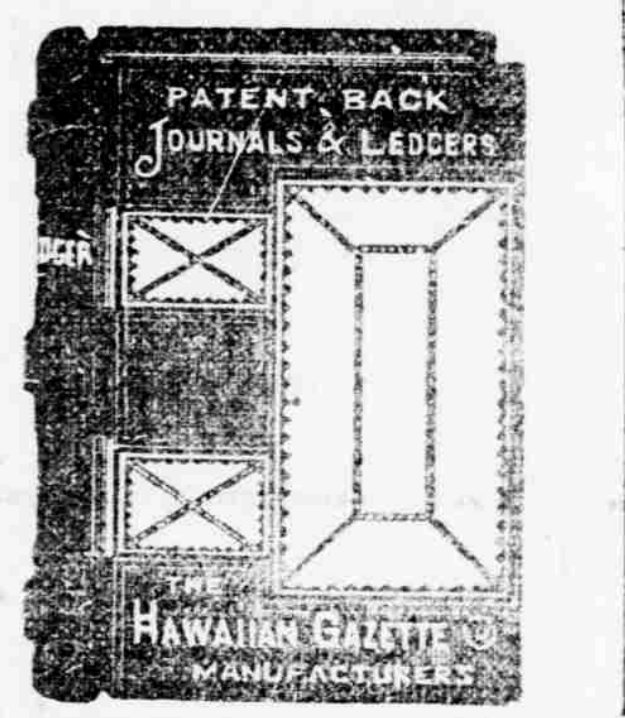
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